

9-19-1914

Letter from Eleanor Blair, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. D.C. Blair, Montour Falls, New York, 1914 September 19

Eleanor Blair

Wellesley College Archives

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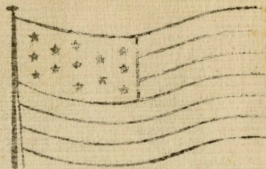
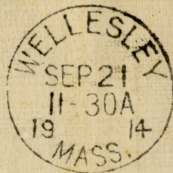
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1914-1915

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Mrs. D. C. Blair
Montour Falls
New York.

11 Fiske Cottage
Wellesley, Massachusetts
20 September, 1914.

Dearest home-folks, my,
but it seems good to be
back in Wellesley, Mass. My
poor arm is lame from
the continual pumping. I
always imagined it must
be fine to get back after
the summer vacation and
to see all the girls again—
I know now that it is.

I started this letter this
morning and now it is nearly
10:00 P.M. I have been busy

nearly all day, and have had
a good many calls this P.M.
and evening. Mutter's cookies
have been circulated freely
much to Everyone's delight.

The choir did look so good
today. It just made me
perfectly happy to look around
and see Mr. Mac Dougal and
all the girls.

I had a fine Freshman to
take to C.A. reception last
night. Martha Jane Judson
is her name. She lives in
Rochester & knew the Ryder girls
very well before coming to
Wellesley. The reception was
held in the Art Building and
Jan was no word for it. It.

actually took me fifteen minutes by my watch to make my way through two rooms to the outside door.

Elizabeth Macnaughtan & I went over to the boat house yesterday to see about our boat. Mr. Monohan is going to paint it dark blue and until it is done, he lets us use a college boat.

Dot and I have a fine big room — one of the best in the house. It isn't the one we expected to have, but one of the Dennis was sent up on campus so we got her room here. We have a nice closet too.

Bye I forget — please send my nephews. We have to furnish

our own here. Thanks for the
slippers.

Kitchen dishes have been my
work so far but the permanent
schedule isn't fixed yet. Am
enclosing my schedule. Don't
it find?

Here are some stamps Bob
gave me to keep on our way
home from Montreal. I guess
it is about time I sent
them back. My, but I would
like to see that young man
— yes, and the rest of the
family, too.

Goodnight now and "oodles"
of love to all,
Eleanor